

Johnny's Opinion of Grandmother.

Grandmothers are very nice folks. They beat all the aunts in creation. They let a chap do as he likes. And don't worry about education. I'm sure I can see it all. What a poor fellow ever could do. For apples, and pears, and cakes. Without a grandmother or two. Grandmothers speak softly to "mas". To let a boy have a good time. Sometimes they will whisper, "be true. To her way, when a boy wants to climb. Grandmothers have muffs for tea. And pies, a whole row in the cellar. And they're apt (if they know it in time). To make chicken pie for a "weller". And if he is bad now and then, And makes a great racketing noise. They only look over their eyes. And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys." "Life is only so short at the best. Let the children be happy to-day." Then they look for while at the sky. And the hills that are far, far away. Quite often, as twilight comes on. Grandmothers sing hymns, very low. To themselves as they rock by the fire. About Heaven, and when they shall go. And then, a boy stopping to think. Will find a hot tear in his eye. To know what will come at the last. For grandmothers all have to die. I wish they could stay here and pray. For a boy needs their prayers every night. Some boys more than others, I suppose. Such as I need a wonderful sight.

THE FORTUNE OF LAW.

I was chatting one day with an old schoolmate of mine, who, though young, was a barrister of some eminence, when the conversation turned upon his own career. "People," he said, "give me credit for much more than I deserve. They compliment me on having attained my position by talent, and sagacity, and all that; but the fact is, I have been an extremely lucky man—I mean as regards opportunities. The only thing for which I can really consider myself entitled to any credit, is, I have always been prompt to take advantage of them."

"But," I observed, "you have a high reputation for legal knowledge and acumen. I have heard several persons speak in terms of great praise of the manner in which you have conducted some of your last cases."

"Ah! yes," he returned; "when a man is fortunate, the world soon finds little things in him. There is nothing like gliding to hide imperfections and bring out excellencies. But I will give you one instance of what I call my luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before I was quite as well known as I am now; it was a trivial thing in itself, but very important in its consequences to me, and has ever since been very fresh in my memory. I had been retained on behalf of a gentleman who was defendant in an action for debt, brought against him by a bricklayer, to recover the amount of a bill, stated to be due for building work done on the gentleman's premises. The owner refused payment on the ground that a verbal contract had been made for the execution of the work, at a price less by one-third than the amount claimed. Unfortunately he had no witnesses to the fact. The man denied the contract, alleged that no specification had been made, and pleaded, finally, that if such contract had been entered into, it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he was prepared to swear, and had his assistant also ready to certify the amount of labor and material expended. I gave my opinion that it was a hopeless case, and that the defendant had better agree to a compromise; but then a further expense. However, he would not, and I was in a trap to the chapter of accidents for any chance of success."

"Near the town where the trial was to take place lived an old friend of mine, who, after the first day's assize, carried me off in his carriage to dine and sleep at his house, engaging to drive me over next morning in time for the trial, which stood next on the list. Mr. Tritton, the gentleman in question, was there also, and we had another discussion as to the prospects of his defence. 'I know the fellow,' said he, 'to be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so confident that something will come out to prove it that I am determined to persist.' I said I hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest."

"After breakfast, the next morning, my host drove over in his dog cart to the assize town. We were just entering the outskirts when, from a turning down by the old inn and post-house, where the horse was usually put, there came riding towards us a lad pursued by a man, who was threatening him in a savage manner. Finding himself overtaken, the lad, after two or three vain attempts to escape, dismounted, lay down, curling himself up, and holding his hands clasped over his head. The man approached, and after beating him roughly with his fist, and trying to pull him up without success, took hold of the collar of the boy's coat, and knocked his head several times on the ground. We were just opposite at the moment, and my friend base him a little, and alone, and not to be such a brute. The fellow scowled, and telling us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim scrambled away in the opposite direction."

"The dog-cart was put up, and we presently went on to the court. The case was opened in an off-hand style by the opposite counsel, who characterized the plea of the plaintiff as a sham principal witness. What was my surprise to see get into the box the very man whom we had been held hammering the boy's head on the curbstone an hour before! An idea occurred to me at the moment, and I half started my face from him; though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would recognize me under my forensic wig. He gave his evidence in a positive, defiant sort of way, but very clearly and decisively. He had evidently got his story well by heart, and was determined to stick to it. I rose and made a cross-examining line. I said that he was getting irritated and displaying the traits of a whole sale style. He had been drinking too, I thought, just enough to make him insolent and restless. So, after a few more unimportant questions, I asked him in a casual tone—

"You are married, Mr. Myers?"

How to Advertise.

Never run down your opponents goods in public. Let him do his own advertising. Let your advertisements have something of the dash in them, without exaggeration. You can't eat enough in one week to last you a whole year, and you can't advertise on that plan either. It's as true of advertising as of anything else in the world—if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. Handbills and circulars are good of their kind, but cannot take the place of newspaper advertisements. Indiscriminate advertising is like fishing where there's no fish. You need to lead the lines all in the right place. No bell can ring so loudly as a good advertisement. People will believe what they see rather than what they hear. Small advertisements, and plenty of them, is a good rule. We were all babies once, yet we made considerable noise. When you advertise, see that you do it on the same principle that you buy goods. Get the most that you can for the money. We don't recommend advertising as the best way to get a wife; but we know that it is the best way to get a good trade. People who advertise only once in three months forget that most folks don't remember anything longer than seven days. If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world. A constant dropping will wear a rock. Keep dropping your advertisements on the public and they will soon melt under its like rock salt. "Dull times," it is said, "are the best for advertisers." Because when money is tight, and the people are forced to economize, they always read the advertisements to ascertain who sell the cheapest, and where they can trade to the best advantage. According to the character or extent of your business set aside a liberal percentage for your advertising. Keep yourself constantly before the public, and it matters not what business of utility you may be engaged in, for if intelligently and industriously pursued, a fortune will be the result. The man who advertises shows not only a business talent above his neighbors, but he may be at once reckoned among the independent, generous and public spirited of the community. He who hides his light under a bushel, when such advantages as those at present afforded are freely offered him, does not deserve to succeed.

That Fiji Princess.

A Williamsport, Pa., paper, says that some days before the arrival of Barnum's exhibition there a letter reached the post-office directed to "Any Methodist Minister in Williamsport." It was placed in the box of Rev. J. B. Paisgrove, and proved to be a communication from George Boyne, of Sacramento, Cal., the missionary who brought Mary Jane Nechobor, the Fiji woman now traveling with Barnum's show, from her native island to Sacramento. By that letter we learn that she is a devout Christian, having been brought up from a child by Mr. Boyne and educated in the Fiji language. She is very devoted, reads her Bible almost constantly and seems much attached to it. The communication referred to stated that she was dissatisfied and wanted to leave the business of being exhibited to the public as a curiosity, and would leave if she had any friends to take charge of her and return her to her home or to California. She is ardently attached to the family of Mr. Boyne, and would gladly return. How she was induced to leave her home is not clear; but she was placed in the hands of Barnum by a man named Gardiner, to whom Barnum probably paid a considerable sum for obtaining her. The missionary claims that Gardiner, obtained her by fraud; but be it as it may, it is very evident that she has become discontented and wished to be free from the annoyance of being made a public exhibition. Proper steps were about to be taken to release her at Williamsport, when on legal advice it was thought best to wait for further and particular information from Sacramento before taking this step. We regret the delay, and think that too much caution had been used. The woman is evidently suffering mentally from her manner of living, and it will no doubt seriously affect her health. No ill treatment is alleged by her friends, but if she be held in any sort of duress she should be immediately released.

Laws for the Million.

A note dated on Sunday is void. A note obtained by fraud, or from one intoxicated, cannot be collected. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker—he must pay it. An indorser of a note is exempt from liability, if not served with notice of its dishonor within 24 hours of its nonpayment. A note by a minor is void. Notes bear interest only when so stated. Principals are responsible for their agents. Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm. Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. The law compels no one to do impossibilities. An agreement without a consideration is void. Signatures in lead pencil are good in law. A receipt for money is not legally conclusive. The acts of one partner bind all the others. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract made with a minor is void. A contract made with a lunatic is void.

THE TEXAS CATTLE HERDER.

The Kansas Magazine tells us about the Texas cattle-herder, a noted character in his way. "The herder is a character. He is begotten of a necessity, as was the army drummer. He is sent to fulfill a mission, and that that mission is 'herd the steers,' no one who has ever seen him can for a moment doubt. His pedigree is as much a matter of doubt as that of his steers. His relation to the gentle cowherd of the story and the pastoral poets is certainly very remote. The cowherd of the books is depicted as a mild-mannered young man with melancholy air, lolling about in the sun, reading the statement of the 'Sorrows of Werter'; bringing on his back the velvet turf and counting, 'the thistle-downs sailing through the blue sky overhead, or walking hand in hand with his dove-eyed Phyllis, pouring sentimental nonsense into her listening ears. 'The Texas cattle-herder devotes his spare time between poker and three-card monte. His Phyllis does not keep him company while he is herding, but dressed in purple and fine store-clothes, she awaits his coming at the dance-house in the nearest market town, where, amid the squeaking of fiddles, the clinking of glasses, shouts, curses and pistol-cracks, they pass the night in drunken carousal. As I have said, we know nothing of his antecedents. As to where or when he was born, or whether like Topsy, he 'jest growed,' are unsolved problems. He may have had a babyhood and a boyhood, but we have no proof of their facts. Our first acquaintance with him is in the prime of manhood, when he presents himself to us as a full-fledged herder. He is usually tall, muscular, active, and, but for shockingly bowed legs, from his constant seat in the saddle, well built; hair long and unkempt and sun-faded; in dress careless as to color and texture; a pair of lean pantaloons thrust into high-topped boots; a woolen shirt; a belt containing a small arsenal of pistols and cutlery; a slouch hat of great value, and, in lieu of a genuine Mexican sombrero, a pair of himself might be reckoned his horse, from which he is almost inseparable. In morals he possesses all the virtues that his limited education permits, and if he omits any it is not his fault. As a profane swearer he has few equals, as a reckless gambler he is not surpassed, and as a consumer of mean whiskey he is without a peer. Prodigal of his money, heedless of the future, he lives for the day only, and his brief life is usually brought up with a sharp turn by a pistol shot in a drunken brawl. His views are counterbalanced by some virtues. Generous and open-hearted, he will spend his last dollar on his friends, or risk his life in defense of a comrade in danger. Living his whole life associated with vile men and vile women, it is only a wonder that he is no worse than he is."

A Mistaken Identity.

A few days ago two men entered a store at West Overton near Pittsburg, Pa., and purchased a pint of whisky, paying for the same. On the same evening, he was found in a state of insensibility—apparently dead drunk, under the overhang of a stable. He was divested of his coat, and heavily breathing like a drunken man; he looked exactly like a person in the stupor of intoxication, and he was accordingly left as such to sober up at leisure during the night. In the morning, however, he was found in the same condition, and shortly after, the man died. On examining the body, no marks of violence were discovered, nor anything to excite suspicion of foul play, but his coat was missing; his pockets were turned inside out and not a thing was left about his person. It was recollected that the young man had paid for the liquor purchased, and a suspicion was at once raised that he had been drugged by his companion, then robbed. The symptoms led to an inference of poisoning by opium in some form, or by some other drug, such as laudanum, or sulphate of morphia. The excitement concerning it has been intense. One man in the crowd gathered around, identified the dead man as Hiram Christ, and immediately several saw the features of Mr. Christ in the stranger, while others, however, saw too resemblance, and as positively asserted to the contrary. And here began one of the most extraordinary series of contradictory identifications that has ever been recorded. The father of Hiram Christ was sent for, and as soon as he saw the corpse, he declared that it was his son. Upon examining the body closely, however, the father said he was not certain; his son had a scar on the chin and a toe split, and the dead body had neither. Mrs. Christ was sent for, and she, too, identified the corpse as that of her son. About this time the father recollected that his son had purchased a pair of boots, and that when he came from the store he complained of one being too tight, and that on examining the boots one was found to be number seven and the other number eight. In an instant the boots of the dead man were examined, when, wonder of wonders, one was found to be number seven and the other number eight. The sisters were now sent for, who said it was their brother, and while the perplexing dispute was going on, the body was putrefying, and it was deemed proper to bury it. The father and mother refused to attend the funeral, but the sisters followed mourning to the grave. With the grave, however, the mysterious affair was not closed; on the contrary, it stirred up everybody to greater work in definite directions. Persons were sent out in search of Hiram Christ following him up to his employer, who had recently transferred him to McKeesport. At McKeesport, however, Hiram was not to be found. The father and mother now fancied that the buried man was their son. In great grief and contrition they made preparation to dig up the corpse from its quiet resting place at Menasie church, and remove it to the yard where their ancestors and friends were at rest. But to remove all grief and sorrow from the hearts of his parents and sisters, but not to solve the mystery of the dead man, Mr. Hiram Christ, in propria persona, put in an appearance. He had been temporarily absent from McKeesport when sent for, but learning soon after what had happened at West Overton, he hastened home. In the excitement caused by the contradictory identification of the companion of the dead man was forgotten and allowed to escape from the country. At Iron Bridge, and at Broadford, a man of his description wanted to sell a coat; but beyond this nothing more has been ascertained.

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Fifteen years ago Sam Steele worked on a farm for Mr. George Barbour, who lived a mile and a half north of Jacksonville, Ill. One day Barbour came to town, bringing his wife. Before starting he called in Steele, and in his presence put \$250 in a bureau drawer, locked it up, and delivered to him the key of the drawer, as well as the key to the house, telling him to take care of both for the day. Returning home at night, and recounting the money, Mr. Barbour found that a \$50 bill was missing. Steele, who was the only one that knew of the whereabouts of the money beside Mr. Barbour, denied all knowledge of the missing bill, declaring that he had not entered the room since he did so with Barbour. The latter maintained that Steele must know something about the matter, and finally discharged him from his service. Steele left and has not been heard of since. A few days since Mr. Barbour found the missing \$50 in the back part of his bureau, caught in the frame. One-half of the bill was worn away by rubbing of the drawer as it had been pulled backward and forward. When he found it he burst into tears, conscience-stricken from unjustly accusing and censuring Steele.

A LITTLE GIRL MURDERED BY A CHILD.

Allice Snyder, a little girl of ten years of age, died in Saratoga, N.Y., from the effects of an injury received at the hands of Willie Van Wageningen, a boy of eight, about six weeks since. Allice was carrying a baby along the sidewalk, and passed Willie, who was playing marbles alone. She remarked the marbles looked like hers, and picked one up. The boy became enraged, ran into the yard and procured a stick over four feet in length, knotty, and which had been used for beating carpets. Returning, he struck Allice so severely on the left temple that she dropped the infant from her arms. She suffered severely that day and night, but on the next day (Sunday) attended Sabbath-school. On Monday following she was taken down, and died.

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Of the seventeen Vice-Presidents of the United States, but four have been re-elected—John Adams, George Clinton, D. D. Tompkins, and John C. Calhoun. Of the Presidents, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and Lincoln—seven in all—have been re-elected.

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A few days ago two men entered a store at West Overton near Pittsburg, Pa., and purchased a pint of whisky, paying for the same. On the same evening, he was found in a state of insensibility—apparently dead drunk, under the overhang of a stable. He was divested of his coat, and heavily breathing like a drunken man; he looked exactly like a person in the stupor of intoxication, and he was accordingly left as such to sober up at leisure during the night. In the morning, however, he was found in the same condition, and shortly after, the man died. On examining the body, no marks of violence were discovered, nor anything to excite suspicion of foul play, but his coat was missing; his pockets were turned inside out and not a thing was left about his person. It was recollected that the young man had paid for the liquor purchased, and a suspicion was at once raised that he had been drugged by his companion, then robbed. The symptoms led to an inference of poisoning by opium in some form, or by some other drug, such as laudanum, or sulphate of morphia. The excitement concerning it has been intense. One man in the crowd gathered around, identified the dead man as Hiram Christ, and immediately several saw the features of Mr. Christ in the stranger, while others, however, saw too resemblance, and as positively asserted to the contrary. And here began one of the most extraordinary series of contradictory identifications that has ever been recorded. The father of Hiram Christ was sent for, and as soon as he saw the corpse, he declared that it was his son. Upon examining the body closely, however, the father said he was not certain; his son had a scar on the chin and a toe split, and the dead body had neither. Mrs. Christ was sent for, and she, too, identified the corpse as that of her son. About this time the father recollected that his son had purchased a pair of boots, and that when he came from the store he complained of one being too tight, and that on examining the boots one was found to be number seven and the other number eight. In an instant the boots of the dead man were examined, when, wonder of wonders, one was found to be number seven and the other number eight. The sisters were now sent for, who said it was their brother, and while the perplexing dispute was going on, the body was putrefying, and it was deemed proper to bury it. The father and mother now fancied that the buried man was their son. In great grief and contrition they made preparation to dig up the corpse from its quiet resting place at Menasie church, and remove it to the yard where their ancestors and friends were at rest. But to remove all grief and sorrow from the hearts of his parents and sisters, but not to solve the mystery of the dead man, Mr. Hiram Christ, in propria persona, put in an appearance. He had been temporarily absent from McKeesport when sent for, but learning soon after what had happened at West Overton, he hastened home. In the excitement caused by the contradictory identification of the companion of the dead man was forgotten and allowed to escape from the country. At Iron Bridge, and at Broadford, a man of his description wanted to sell a coat; but beyond this nothing more has been ascertained.

TAMBY VINDICATION.

Fifteen years ago Sam Steele worked on a farm for Mr. George Barbour, who lived a mile and a half north of Jacksonville, Ill. One day Barbour came to town, bringing his wife. Before starting he called in Steele, and in his presence put \$250 in a bureau drawer, locked it up, and delivered to him the key of the drawer, as well as the key to the house, telling him to take care of both for the day. Returning home at night, and recounting the money, Mr. Barbour found that a \$50 bill was missing. Steele, who was the only one that knew of the whereabouts of the money beside Mr. Barbour, denied all knowledge of the missing bill, declaring that he had not entered the room since he did so with Barbour. The latter maintained that Steele must know something about the matter, and finally discharged him from his service. Steele left and has not been heard of since. A few days since Mr. Barbour found the missing \$50 in the back part of his bureau, caught in the frame. One-half of the bill was worn away by rubbing of the drawer as it had been pulled backward and forward. When he found it he burst into tears, conscience-stricken from unjustly accusing and censuring Steele.

A LITTLE GIRL MURDERED BY A CHILD.

Allice Snyder, a little girl of ten years of age, died in Saratoga, N.Y., from the effects of an injury received at the hands of Willie Van Wageningen, a boy of eight, about six weeks since. Allice was carrying a baby along the sidewalk, and passed Willie, who was playing marbles alone. She remarked the marbles looked like hers, and picked one up. The boy became enraged, ran into the yard and procured a stick over four feet in length, knotty, and which had been used for beating carpets. Returning, he struck Allice so severely on the left temple that she dropped the infant from her arms. She suffered severely that day and night, but on the next day (Sunday) attended Sabbath-school. On Monday following she was taken down, and died.

THE TEXAS CATTLE HERDER.

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